The garden club carries over, minus a male, but joined by hippy from last scene, in West African robe and hat. The malemale couple walks through a competition. Each garden club member carries ribbons ready to bestow.

MMMM
1
Male Victim   (sobs) But you used to!
Male Patsy   (comforting) Now now.
Male Victim   How quickly people forget.
Male Patsy   I am not people.
Male Victim   Might as well be.
Male Patsy   Too ridiculous.
Male Victim   Well it means a lot to me!
Male Patsy   Out of the question.
Male Victim   Why live? Why even live?
Male Patsy   Now now.
Male Victim   Such a small thing I ask. So small!
Male Patsy   Now now.
Male Victim   I would.
Male Patsy   No longer appropriate, that's all. Not that it was wrong when--
Male Victim   Appropriate! Great God! Was Romeo and Juliet appropriate?
Male Patsy Which are you? I like fundamental questions.
Someone pins Victim with pink ribbon. Patsy laughingly removes it, hands it back.
Victim Appropriate! How can you even say such a word?
Get the word into your mouth even?
Male Patsy   Easily.
Male Victim   And what I'm asking isn't easy?
Male Patsy   Right now I couldn't think of anything more difficult or more ridiculous. Let's just enjoy the show.
Male Victim   Shit! I've just been fooling myself. You don't love me and never have.
Male Patsy Perhaps. That is...of course I--some moments I sincerely do and at others--?
Male Victim   Unconstant in a wink and therefore fickle forever!
Male Patsy   Not heard that.
Male Victim   I made it up!
Male Patsy   Not bad.
Male Victim   Fritter fritter fritter. Oh yes! To your advantage. The delay card, always the delay card.

Male Patsy Now now.
Male Victim Please?
Male Patsy You know my feeling on this. What was appropriate, what seemed right, uh, before, now simply isn't. How much of an asshole do you want? People move on! (a judge pushes them from the rear and they stumble.)
Male Victim You'd say Love is an asshole!
Male Patsy Now now. Uh, run that by me again, will you?
Male Victim Fuck you!Male Patsy Very well then, fuck me.
Male Victim And not in the way you mean.
Male Patsy I don't mean it in the way that I mean.
Male Victim Language! Your downfall! Thinking that it means anything.
Male Patsy Caught you in a paradox there. What you want me to say means volumes evidently, and yet language itself means nothing, from Shakespeare to Calvin Klein ads of flattummied teases.
So young and oh so coldly distant!
Male Judge: Some plants decide their own sexon a whim almost.
Male Victim (frosty) I wouldn't know.
Male Patsy Now now.
Male Victim (Cracking) Jesus Christ! Do you want all my dignity? Don't you realize I'm out here with my very heart on the block, that I've gone too far out. Please, leave me some little self respect! Please! (sinks to floor) I am begging you! (thrashing about the floor among plants.) Begging you!
Male Patsy (avoiding pursuit while appealing with several now-now pantomimes for chorus response)
Judges now now individually Now now!

Male Victim (all but tackling PATSY) Well? (retching)
Male Patsy Oh very well!
Male Victim (leaping up, considerably brightened) Yes! Yes!
Male Patsy (muttered) You are my--
Male Victim Speak up! Don't always mumble!
Male Patsy (inaudible)
Male Victim Whaaaaaa?
Male Patsy I said...you are my Bumpty-Wumpy.
Male Victim (collapsing) But like a DENtist I had to-- Like a dentist...ex-TRACTING! Just to save the smallest sliver of face! A dentist! The tiniest, WINE-EEEEEEEEEEE-ist slivvvvvvvvv-er
of face! (inarticulate whining follows)
Male Patsy snatches silvery pruners from a judge and starts acting like dentist but stops to implore chorus to now now; they're more intent on plants.)

Female judge It's better to have an interest, and forget yourself.
Victim whines all the louder.
2 ext upscale picnic in field. chorus of cowpersons on tractor, dressed like they might be in a cutsey production of *Oklahoma.* dismount to do parodydance chore with posthole digger, start building fence which ultimately goes between couple. Couple stare at them a full half minute.

Male Victim   Has it been a year?
Male Patsy   (toasting empty glass) Reason for all this expensive food.
Male Victim   All France wouldn't be enough--what I put up with.
Male Patsy   Uh, um, yes, uh, more champaigne, dear?
Male Victim   Not trying to get me drunk? Of course you don't have to anymore. Performance on demand, isn't that it? None ofthe playing, and the lovely Bumpty Wumpy I so loved. Never more of that of course.
Male Patsy   I must've come in late.
Male Victim   Just because we're ... doesn't lift the obligation of...to--
Male Patsy   I'm missing something. Gifts you mean? Hallmark? What?
Cowboy pretends to be snatching heart out, giving it to cowgirl)
Male Victim   I mean an attitude! (racking sobs)
Male Patsy   Now now.
Male Victim   (continues a sort of combined crying and inarticulate whining, and so PATSY, draining glass, exhorts chorus to now-now
They do, but in dancey fence building couple gets a bit knocked around)
3

limbo nownows will come through tv musicalblurry
both males in bikini undershorts
30's bubblegum music in bg
Male Victim   (frantic paging through book) Why should we trust this Dr Spock? He probably wants to make all the babies Communist or something!
Male Patsy   Now now.
Male Victim   Wha--what am I looking up here? You made me forget.
Male Patsy   Now now just take it easy.
Male Victim   Easy for you to say. You just bebop through life and I'm left--

Male Patsy Green.
Male Victim Ugh!
Male Patsy Well it looked green.
Male Victim Green what?
Male Patsy Vomit, diar--
Male Victim Which one goddammit. You are infuriating as always!
Male Patsy Now now. It's probably normal.
Male Victim Well you're not!
Male Patsy Now now.
Male Victim My life is going out the window! Out the fuckin window and into the toilet! (On tv CHORUS GIRL exits from toilet, flush practically interminnable as she becomes more and more embarrassed, breaks into a little clog dance)
Male Patsy Impossible. Uh, spacially. Not logical. 'd have to come back INto the window in order to
Male Victim (aside) Only a couple of years and this boring! some kind of Busby Berkley megathing on TV which Patsy is intent on.
Male Patsy (absently) Now now.
Male Victim ExHAUSted all the goddamn time and you're no help! Is this a murder plot? Have you come that far? Push the kid onto me and then watch me disintegrate until--
Male Patsy Now now.Male Victim I can't take it anymore. I can't! The baby's defective and the relationship is worse. And I'm gone. I'm really gone!
Male Patsy (starts exhorting nownow. voice filter Now now you're DESTINED to become a STAR!)
Male Victim No no! I mean it. I'm-- I-- I-- I have to get out of here or lose what little sanity--(throws hands to face and trembles)
Male Patsy Now now now now now!
same tv voice Now you're going out there a slut, but you're coming back a whore!
Victim You have done this to me! And others.

Patsy Round up the usual suspects.

int Diner chorus is waitress She's putting plates in front of the two males.

Male Victim If it's Consolidated comes in, and not Allied, then I'm gone for sure.
Male Patsy Now now. It's not that bad. Lots of ads in the paper here.
Male Victim Propaganda I tell you! Did you know that the

youngsters at work call me the old timer? Jesus Christ I'm losing it! I gave my fuckin youth to this lousy relationship and that stupid company!
Male Patsy Now now.
Male Victim What an asshole!
Male Patsy Please. No name-calling. Remember what the counselor told us.
Male Victim I'm the asshole! Sacrificing so so much for that company and for what? So they could get a deal! Selling it to somebody who'll fire me outright! And they stole the whole fuckin pension plan I contributed to, and they're saying not to worry, that they just reallocated the funds.
Male Patsy Now now. It's only money.
Male Victim Huh! They piss in your pocket and tell you you're sweating!
Male Patsy Are they really that unhygenic? And where can I try that?
Male Victim And the whole crazy business in that insane house is just a mirror image of the outside. You're screwed every moment of your life! You're screwed every moment of your life!
WAITRESS Who gets the liver? (Victim nods)
Male Patsy Just lucky I guess.
Male Victim (getting up) That does it! I'm getting out and this time I mean it!
Male Patsy (follows suit) Now now. (exhorts chorus to now-now)
WAITRESS Now now honey! (leading Victim back)
Male Victim Yeah! Uh huh! (trying to extract elbow)
WAITRESS How bout a nice piece of pie? (then to audience) How bout a nice piece of pie, Honey, huh? Huh?
You'll feel better. it'll make you feel better.
She pushes bosum towards camera until
cu of corsage on her uniform, under which,xcu, a pin announces
FOOD IS LOVE
5 Male Victim alone, w potted palm. Gets, up , waters it.
Mother takes can as VICTIM is doing it poorly.
  Enter Hippie (young same sex live-in) eating from a can and then throwing it away. MOTHER twists hippie's
ear and makes him pick can up. She then knits during scene.

Male Victim As I was saying, that person--
Male Hippie (burps, wipes face on sleeve) Yeah...like well it's tough.
Male Victim --took my dignity away. I begged and begged. Until I became less than human.
Male Hippie Yeah, uh, like--

Male Victim Believe me there was no extent I wouldn't go to. It became harrowing and utltimately disgusting. Ugh! Just disgusting! Ihhhh! Slime you turn into! Doormat! Wipe your feet on me, or or or anything more disgusting.
Male Hippie Yeah like well it's tough.
Male Victim My life is gone. Gone! Kaput! I've ruined it. I mean it was ruined for me. A lot of people cooperated on that little project, you can bet your ass on that one! Not just old whats-his name.
Male Hippie Yeah like well it's tough.
Male Victim And what...was left? The horrible, insidious memories of COMFORTING! (Here a manic walk in which now-nows in every possible intonation are mocked.) Now now (etc)

Male Hippie (interjects a word at a time into above) Yeah...well...like...tough.
Mother (now knitting) (also interjecting) Now Now. (clicking needles loudly)
Male Victim (breathless) Such minimal, miserable attempts at being a human being! (to chorus) Such minimal, miserable attempts at being a human being! (She responds by furious knitting.)
Male Hippie Yeah...well, like I said, it's tough.
Male Victim And what's left? What's left now? (clumps down to knees) Oh Sweet Merciful God, what is left?
Male Hippie You got any fuckin money?or mama there?
Mother: You shouldn't say money.